

1/3
E.P.C. Welsh Drama Series, No. 18.

"THOSE WHO WAIT"

A Play in One Act

By

ERNEST GEORGE COVE.

"Thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest.
They also serve who only stand and wait."

—Milton.

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ERRATA.

Page 16 at foot should read : “ *(There is a knock on the door L.).*”

(Property plot), line 4, should read : “ Occasional table and 1 Windsor armchair.”

Page 10, line 8, should read, after “ *King George on it,*” “ *beside mantelpiece there is a cutting from newspaper with photo and printed matter.*”

Page 23, line 13, should read : “ wishes me to,” not “ wishes to.”

Page 25, after line 11, should read : “ *(MARI in her excitement commences to lay table for meal.).*”

Line 15 is a continuation of Dafydd’s speech, and is not spoken by Mari.

p 46287

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CHARACTERS :

- DAFYDD JONES - An Elderly Welsh Collier.
MARI JONES - - His Wife.
DOCTOR REES - Physician and Friend.

Place :

CWMYLLWYD.

A Colliery Village in South Wales.

Scene :

INTERIOR OF DAVID JONES' COTTAGE.

Time :

MORNING, MONDAY, AUGUST 23, 1915.

PROPERTY PLOT.

- 1 kitchen dresser, dark wood.
- 1 kitchen couch, 1 large oblong kitchen table (5ft. by 3ft., white top).
- Occasional table and 1 window armchair.
- 4 small Windsor chairs.
- 1 iron fender, 1 steel or brass stand before fire.
- set fire irons, 6 pair brass candlesticks on mantel-piece.
- 6 large china plates, 6 medium, 6 small, 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 large jugs.
- 4 meat dishes, 1 large teapot, (all china should be coloured), tea cannister.
- China dogs, etc., 1 mirror hang on wall below window L.
- 1 large black tin tea tray.
- 1 stone jam jar.
- 1 iron kettle.
- Rough mats on floor.
- Cushions on couch.
- Cloths on table.
- Pictures on wall.
- 1 fireplace R., 1 mantelpiece, 1 practical window.
- Ready off L. : 1 knocker, 2 cardboard boxes at least 2ft. 2in. by 1ft. 6in, and 9in. deep, assorted lot as well, 2 hat boxes, 2ft. square, 2 large paper parcels.

Off door R. : 1 table and chair, brass and glass crash.

Note :—Dresser, couch, and table must be on stage before flats are set.

ELECTRICS PLOT.

All house lights out.

To open : Ambers and reds in floats full up, stage lime L. full up, battens, ambers and reds half on.

At cue, " David Jones, Cwmyllwyd, V.C."

Start working in rest of reds, follow with ambers, then whites, until full on, stand still curtain.

Stage lime or bunch at window L.

Length behind door L.

Bulb in fire R.

} full on.

LIMES PLOT.

Left Lime :

Amber flood, full up on space between fire and door R., throughout.

Right Lime :

Amber flood on door L., throughout.

“THOSE WHO WAIT.”

Scene : Interior of David Jones' Cottage.

[At back of scene at extreme right, there is a door leading to bedroom, at extreme left there is another door, which leads to the little garden, and when open it should show either garden or a wall about four feet high.]

At right side of stage, down towards the footlights, there is a fireplace, with kitchen oven on one side, and a hob on the other, a bright fire burning in it.

At left side of stage, there is a simple cottage window which can be opened.

The room contains one kitchen table covered over with oilcloth, there is a chair behind table, and a chair at left of table, facing audience. At back of stage stands a kitchen dresser with coloured china jugs, etc., on it. If possible, there may also be a chest of drawers, to hold the best clothes, otherwise they are placed in drawer of dresser. A small table stands in front of window with chair above it, there is an armchair which faces fire and stands above it.

The fireplace is furnished with steel fender and irons, there is a kettle on the hob, and stone jam jar containing soda above fender. A brass or steel stand on legs stands in front of fire.

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A long sheet of brass or tin hangs under the mantelpiece, a bellows hangs beside fire.

On mantelpiece there is a set of brass candlesticks, || ||| ||| || arranged in this manner shortest at side rising to the tallest in the centre, also brass tobacco jar and tin cannisters.

Above mantelpiece hangs an almanac with picture of King George on it. On wall below window hangs a small mirror.

There are rag mats on the floor, a sack before door left, pictures on walls, and curtains to windows.

All furniture and fittings are of the plainest, but all are clean and whole aspect of room is nice and respectable.

Characters :

DAFYDD JONES, an elderly Welsh collier. He is aged between 60 and 70, hair white. He suffers from a bad strain on his back, but in moments of excitement he is quite active. He is a bit of a character in Cwmyllwyd, very fond of his wife, and son, and very proud of having shaken hands with the King. At opening of play he is full of trouble about his son, but tries to hide it for the sake of his wife.

MARI JONES, his wife, is a woman about same age, grey hair, full of pride of her husband, but quite ready to belittle him when he gets too boastful. A

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strain of melancholy in her nature makes her inclined to sip sorrow with a long spoon, in spite of this DAFYDD sometimes leads her away from her troubles so that her replies reveal a mind not easily deceived.

DOCTOR REES is intended to represent the warm generous spirit of Cwmyllwyd, revealing himself as ready to dip into his pocket to assist DAFYDD and MARI, and determined that Cwmyllwyd shall prove capable of doing justice to a great event.

If the actor playing part has a strong dignified personality and powerful voice, the description 'physician and friend' can stand in programme, otherwise he should be referred to as 'herbalist,' and at cue "Bore da, doctor," he should say: "I was just on my way to the allotment to gather a few herbs, so I called in as passing to see if you've had any news about Dafydd bach."

AT RISE OF CURTAIN, the music of "Dafydd y Garreg Wen," is played, the curtain rising after first four bars.

The music is still played very softly through dialogue until cue.

DAFYDD and MARI have waited three weeks for a letter. It is now Monday morning and DAFYDD in his anxiety, has gone down the hillside to meet the postman, but is returning without a letter. He

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tries to act as if he had not gone out on a definite errand, but MARI is determined to get the truth out of him.

MARI discovered clearing table, she goes anxiously to window, left. Shakes head, and sighs, then resumes work at table. DAFYDD enters through door left, and back.]

DAFYDD (*at door*): It's cold out, Mari (*he crosses to fire down R., places stick and hat by fire. There is a pause as he crosses*).

MARI: Did you see him?

DAFYDD: Wait a minute, my hands are cold (*warms hands at fire*).

MARI (*crosses to R.C.*): Did you see him?

DAFYDD: See him? Who?

MARI (*tries to get DAFYDD'S eyes*): Why, the postman!

DAFYDD: Oh! the postman. Yes, I seen him; I was forgettin. (*Face to audience.*)

MARI: No letter?

DAFYDD: No, Mari; there was no letter. (*Faces fire again.*)

MARI (*to herself*): Three weeks gone, and no letter. (*Goes left towards table.*)

DAFYDD: Well, you know what Dafydd is like, can't depend on him; he takes after your family. (*Comes C. faces MARI.*) There was your brother.

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MARI (*goes to DAFYDD*) : Nawr Dafydd, this is serious. (*Faces DAFYDD takes hold of his coat lapel.*) You know very well he always wrote once a week before this. (*There is a pause as DAFYDD faces the situation.*)

DAFYDD (*face to audience*) : Yes, that's true.

MARI : Somethin' must have happened.

DAFYDD (*turns to MARI*) : (*Evading the truth*) Yes, perhaps a submarine got the mail boat ; do you think that might be ?

MARI : No, Dafydd, you know what I mean. Mr. Williams told us the grand fensive was on.

DAFYDD : Yes, but Dafydd is lance-corporal now. (*Pats her cheek.*) Perhaps that's a safe job. (*Music stops.*)

MARI (*gives up in disgust*) : Safe job ! lance-corporal in a bombin squad. (*Goes R. to fire.*) (*Sits in chair.*) They do say that there's no trustin them bombs. Welsh bombs just as soon kill Welshmen as Germans.

DAFYDD : Yes ; but lance-corporal ! that's not the same risk as private. He's like a officer now, and you know very well French, Haig, and all of them officers is never right at the front ; they've got to be safe to look after the troops.

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MARI : That's only the generals, and they can't be generals before they have proved what they can do by leadin their men.

DAFYDD (*at back of armchair*) : Yes, thank God, in front *leadin* not behind *drivin* same as those old Germans. I'll bet Dafydd isn't behind when there's a good fight. Member the young monkey down in the school yard fightin four crots, because they scamed Ifor Thomas's marbles.

MARI : Yes, a bleedin nose, a wascod yn yfflon (*crossing DAFYDD*) and you encouraged him ; deacon of Bethania, too ! shame on you. (*Goes to table.*)

DAFYDD : Well, it was a good cause, and so is this—God defend the right.

(*There is a pause.*)

MARI (*like a child saying a prayer*) : And dear Jesus, bring our Dafydd back safe. (*She breaks down sobbing. Sits in chair back of table.*)

DAFYDD (*much affected but still brave*) : Nawr Mari, you are startin again. (*DAFYDD goes to window left and looks out.*)

MARI : Oh, let me cry, let me cry ; I shall feel better. Dafydd Bach annwyl, oh Dafydd Bach.

DAFYDD (*at window*) : Don't Mari, don't ; we must be brave. He is brave out there—some-where in France, and we must be brave, too, here

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in Cwmyllwyd. (*There is a pause. Cross to R.C.*) What did I tell the King when he came to the pit three years ago? "I'm too old to fight myself, sir, but when you want him—my boy is yours."

MARI (*smiling through her tears*): Yes, that was a good speech you spak to the King, Dafydd.

DAFYDD: Good speech! I shouldn't wonder if it was, and didn't he shake my dirty hand and say thank you, Mr. Jones, I see you mean it. (*Points to photograph R. of fire.*) Look at that, my photo in the paper, shakin hands with the King. (*Reads headline.*) Interview with Mr. David Jones. (*Starts to read article.*) Mister Jones, a loyal Welshman.

MARI (*rising, stops him*): Don't pretend you can read it, you only know what you heard read. (*Crosses to dresser with all dishes but cup and saucer.*) Perhaps your name isn't there Mister Jones after all; I never heard anyone call you only Dafydd.

DAFYDD: Well, the King called me *Mister Jones* whatever, and that's somethin. He didn't call you *Mister Jones*. Little did we think the King would ever come to Cwmyllwyd, go into the houses of the colliers.

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MARI (*going towards DAFYDD*) : Yes, and the Queen askin Mrs. Williams how she made the bake-stone cakes and writin it down; I spose she'll make some for the King.

DAFYDD : Shouldn't wonder (*MARI goes to window*) and then the King comin to the pit and talkin to me.

MARI (*at window left*) : Little did we think then that our Dafydd would ever have to go to France.

DAFYDD : Have to go! He didn't *have* to; wild horses couldn't stop him (*with deep feeling*). A volunteer! Diolch i Dduw, a volunteer.

MARI (*back to table. Change of tone*) : Perhaps a letter will come to-morrow.

DAFYDD (*sits*) : Yes; perhaps it will.

MARI : Yes. (*Voice fades into a sigh.*)

DAFYDD : One thing, we would have heard fore now if somethin had happened to him. Member Jane Davies got a telegram when her son was killed.

MARI (*shaking out cloth*) : That's true; I hate telegrams; always somebody dead.

DAFYDD : Not always. Member Dai Phillips got a telegram once to say his wife had twins: a bit of life about that whatever.

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(MARI is rooted to spot facing audience. Music as at opening. DAFYDD goes to answer it and returns with telegram in his hand.)

MARI (turning to DAFYDD. Waits till DAFYDD stands midway between her and door. Wipes her hands. In a tense voice) : Telegram ?

DAFYDD : (Nods.)

MARI : From where ?

DAFYDD : I'm afraid its from London, Mari.

MARI : Llyndain ?

DAFYDD : Yes ; about Dafydd.

MARI : Do you think—he's— ?

DAFYDD : I don't know, Mari. (Note during scene that follows. MARI is the practical one, DAFYDD is stunned out of action.)

MARI : Call the girl back to read it ; why did you let her go ?

DAFYDD : I don't know, Mari ; I just seen the telegram in my hand like this.

(DAFYDD sits. Pause.)

MARI (coaxing him gently) : Well, open it ; perhaps you can make it out yourself.

DAFYDD : Perhaps I can. (He makes no movement to do so.)

MARI : I'll see if there's somebody passin.

(MARI goes to window) : I can't see nobody, Dafydd.

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DAFYDD : Get my hat and stick, Mari ; I'll go to the Post Office and ask them to read it. (MARI crosses to fire.) Is there a drop of tea left, Mari?

MARI : Yes ; will you have a cup ?

DAFYDD : I think I will ; it'll warm me up a bit before goin out.

(MARI gives cup of tea.)

DAFYDD : Diolch, Mari.

MARI (*at back of table, as if she sees a vision ; her womanly instinct tells her he is not dead*) : Of course he might be only wounded.

DAFYDD : Do you think that ?

MARI : Yes ; somehow I don't see him killed.

DAFYDD : No. Very foolish to worry till we know, isn't it ? only when I seen it in my hands.

MARI (*pets him like a child*) : Of course, us just talkin about a telegram, too.

DAFYDD : Yes. (*More hopefully.*)

MARI : We'll try to read it, Dafydd.

DAFYDD : No good, Mari ; bound to be in English. They can't send Welsh on them wires.

MARI (*goes down R. teapot back to fire*) : No, I spose not. (*There is a knock at door. DOCTOR enters L.*)

DOCTOR (*R.C., merry and bright*) : Bora da, Dafydd.

DAFYDD AND MARI : Bora da, Doctor.

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DOCTOR : Well, any news about Dafydd bach.

DAFYDD : Just had this telegram, Doctor.
Goin to look for someone to read it I was.

DOCTOR : About Dafydd ?

DAFYDD : I am afraid it is, Doctor.

MARI (*crosses to DAFYDD*) : Yes, Doctor ; we
was just talkin about telegrams, when it came.
(*All confidence gone out of both their voices.*) Per-
haps he's only wounded.

DAFYDD : Yes, yes ; only wounded.

DOCTOR : Well, shall I open it ?

DAFYDD : Yes, please, Doctor.

(DOCTOR *opens telegram and reads it with ex-
pression, showing bewilderment, which may mean
anything.*) (DOCTOR *centre. MARI and DAFYDD
facing DOCTOR.*)

DOCTOR (*muttering to himself*) : No, it can't be.
(*Note : DOCTOR must not relieve tension until he
actually reads the telegram.*)

DAFYDD : Well, Doctor, what does it say ?

DOCTOR : Wait a minute.

MARI : How bad is he ?

DOCTOR : Wait.

DAFYDD : Is it bad news, Doctor ?

MARI : Is he— ?

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DOCTOR : No, it isn't bad news ; it seems to be from the King. But I think I've read it wrong, somehow. Listen ! (*He reads telegram.*) To Mr. David Jones : His Majesty the King wishes me to inform you that your son, Corporal David Jones, has been awarded the Victoria Cross for most conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty. (*Doesn't wait for applause here, but he goes on as if something has burst inside him.*) Think of that ! Dafydd Jones, Cwmyllwyd, V.C.

DAFYDD (*to MARI, uncomprehending*) : V.C., yes ! I've heard about that ; excuse me, Doctor, what is it ?

DOCTOR (*exploding again*) : What is it ? The highest honour the King can give a soldier. (*Up stage.*) This is the greatest thing that has ever happened in Cwmyllwyd, that's what it is. (*Down.*) Listen ! His Majesty requests the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Jones at Buckingham Palace to witness the investiture, which takes place on Tuesday, the 24th of August, at 10.30 a.m. (*Coming down stage L.C., replaces telegram in envelope, hands it to DAFYDD.*) Think of that ! an invitation to Buckingham Palace. Hurry up and get ready ; the King has sent for you.

(*DAFYDD and MARI exchange glances, but do not speak.*)

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DOCTOR : Well, why don't you get excited man. Forget your bad back and jump on the table, or—something !

(DAFYDD goes up to stage, hesitates, then comes down to DOCTOR.)

DAFYDD : Well, Doctor, its very kind of the King to send to invite us, but it's a long journey to London. (To MARI) I wouldn't like the King and Dafydd to be disappointed. I suppose if one of us went it would be alright. (To DOCTOR) : How long would it take to walk.

DOCTOR (*in blank amazement*) : Walk ! you can't *walk* to London ; you must take a train : first class, too, when the King sends for you. Open up your old stocking, and get your money out. (*Pause.*)

MARI (*very quietly*) : There is no old stockin to open doctor.

DOCTOR (*turning to DAFYDD.*) : What do you mean ? A hard-working man like you have been, haven't you saved for your old age ?

DAFYDD : Yes, Doctor ; we had a tidy bit by us, but things is dear now cause of the War.

DOCTOR : Well, how bad is it ?

MARI : There is only two shillings and fourpence in the house, Doctor.

DOCTOR (*thunderstruck*) : Catwn pawb.

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DAFYDD : Y gwir.

(DOCTOR takes out handkerchief and blows his nose violently.)

DOCTOR : Well, you don't suppose Cwmyllwyd is going to be disgraced before the King, because you have only got two and fourpence in the house—do you ? here. (*He makes wild dives in his pockets.*) No good, never mind, train goes in three-quarters of an hour. (*To door.*) I'll be back in five minutes with your tickets. (*Down again.*) You shan't walk to the station, never mind London. You get washed and tidied a bit. (*Up a little.*) Nawr ta shapai neid i.

(DOCTOR goes to door, but DAFYDD stops the DOCTOR with a gesture. DOCTOR gives down a little.)

DAFYDD (*very quietly*) : No, Doctor Rees ; you are very kind, but I never took a penny charity in my life, and I won't make money now out of my boy's bravery and the King's honour.

DOCTOR : Charity ! who asks you to take charity ? This isn't charity ; it'll be a testimonial.

MARI (*backing up DOCTOR*) : Yes, Dafydd, a testimonial.

DAFYDD : A testimonial ; well of course that's different.

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DOCTOR : Yes, and don't you know when the King *asks* you, it's a COMMAND, and you can get gaol if you don't do what he wishes. Nice thing ! Dafydd Jones, Deacon of Bethania, in gaol for disobeying the King's Orders.

MARI : Yes ; that's true, Dafydd.

DAFYDD (*hesitating*) : Yes, I suppose it is. Excuse me, Doctor, will you read the telegram again ; let me hear what the King says.

(*All crowd to see telegram. DAFYDD holds one side.*)

DOCTOR (*very deliberately*) : To Mr. David Jones. His Majesty the King wishes to inform you that your son, Corporal David Jones.

DAFYDD : Corporal now not Lance ; if he goes on like this he'll soon be a General.

MARI : Be quiet.

DOCTOR : Has been awarded the *Victoria Cross* for most conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty. His Majesty requests the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Jones at Buckingham Palace to witness the Investiture, which takes place on Tuesday, the 24th of August, at 10.30 a.m.

(*DAFYDD now discovers second sheet of telegram.*)

DAFYDD : Well y nefoedd ; here's another paper.

DOCTOR (*reading*) : His majesty has very pleasant recollections of visiting Cwmyllwyd in

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the summer of 1912, and remembers meeting a very loyal Welshman, named David Jones. He wonders if you are the same man. (DAFYDD and MARI are very much affected by this.)

MARI : Do you hear that, Dafydd ?

DAFYDD (*going down L. in front of MARI*) : Oh, yes ; I'm not surprised. Him and me got on famous together ; there's a King for you !

DOCTOR : Yes, indeed ; and next time that Joe Thomas, the Socialist has upset his liver, I'll put something in his medicine will make him wonder what has *struck* him. Congratulations Dafydd. (*He shakes him by the hand.*) Congratulations Mari. (*Tries to kiss her.*) This is a great day for Cwmyllwyd, we'll have a turnout same as we had when the King was here. (*Exit DOCTOR.*)

DAFYDD : He have gone clean dotty.—Oh ! Mari, isn't it wonderful ; in three-quarters of an hour we'll be goin in the train to Buckinham Palace!

MARI : Well if you're goin to the Palace, you'd better get ready quick. (*MARI starts to lay table.*)

DAFYDD : Don't worry about me ; I'll be ready first same as usual. Is my boots clean ?

MARI : No, they ent ; I haven't had time.

DAFYDD : Well, they ought to be.

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MARI : How did I know we was goin to London ?

DAFYDD : Well, where are they ?

MARI : On your feet, you silly.

DAFYDD : Oh, all right ; I'll soon get em off.
You get the brushes ready.

MARI : You are makin a big mistake if you think I am goin to clean em. I got somethin else to do.

DAFYDD : Oh ! its come to that have it—got to clean my own boots. All right, Mrs. Pankhurst.
(*Starts to clean boots on chair above window.*)

MARI : Mind you do em proper.

DAFYDD : Don't worry ; they'll be cleaner than when you do em.

MARI : Blackin to cover the dirt, ach a fi.

DAFYDD : Ho ! Mari, what you doin layin the table when you ought to be gettin ready.

MARI : I'm so excited about our Dafydd ; I don't know what I'm doin. Little did we think he would ever be the hero of Cwmyllwyd.

(*DAFYDD moves to chair left of table, brushes boots.*)

DAFYDD : Didn't think ? I *knew* he'd do it. When I seen him in that uniform, I knew he only wanted a chance that's all.

MARI (*going R. to back of table, in voice filled with awe*) : He got it—in the bombin squad.

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DAFYDD (*moves to arm chair, brushes boot*) : Yes ; and I hope he bombed hundreds of them Germans back to hell where they belong. I only wish I could be with him.

MARI (*clears table*) : You ; a fat lot of use you would be, wouldn't you.

DAFYDD : Well, if only my back was better, I'd dye my hair and have a shot at it.

MARI (*removes cloth, shocked*) : You wouldn't lie about your age, Dafydd.

DAFYDD : No ; wara teg for me, it only says *apparent* age.

MARI (*moving to chest of drawers back of stage*) : There's nonsense you do talk, Dafydd.

DAFYDD : Never mind ; my son can fight, if I can't.

MARI (*turning to face DAFYDD, comes to table, plants clothes*) : Yes, our Dafydd a V.C. (*an idea strikes her.*) That's more than Mrs. Jenkins son R.A.M. isn't it ?

DAFYDD : I should think so, indeed. (*To chair R. of table.*) Any old college can give a R.A.M., but only the King can give a V.C.

MARI : Yes, and the King memberin about seein you—that's beyond isn't it.

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DAFYDD : Well, I'm not surprised, not a bit. I'm sure I don't know what people are afraid of the King for. I could get on with him alright.

MARI : Now stop talkin ; get ready quick. Go and wash your face, you've *been cryin*.

DAFYDD (*comes R.C.*) : Crying ! me—no indeed. (*Wiped eyes with back of hand.*) I haven't been cryin. Look at your face, your nose is all red.

MARI : I don't care, I don't know where I am, our Dafydd a V.C. (*She rushes wildly to the door.*)

DAFYDD : Ho! Mari, where you off to ?

MARI (*turns so right arm is towards DAFYDD*) : To find Mrs. Jenkins and tell her.

DAFYDD (*pulls MARI to table*) : You leave her alone with her R.A.M. That mad doctor will have the town out in five minutes. Wash your face, you can't see the King like that. I'm goin to get ready. To Buckingham Palace to see the King upon his throne and I don't care if them there submarines is tampin in the sky. (*He exits upstairs right and back of stage.*)

MARI (*left alone on the stage, gets her clothes on table, R. of table*).

DAFYDD (*re-appears, misterioso*) : Hoi, Mari.

MARI (*misterioso*) : Beth, Dafydd.

DAFYDD (*misterioso*) : Give me the washin soda and boilin water will you ?

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MARI (*gets soda and water*) : Here you are, what do you want the *soda* for ?

DAFYDD : I'll have my hands clean next time I shake hands with the King if I have to scrub the skin off them.

(DAFYDD *exits.*)

DAFYDD (*off stage*) : Hoi, Mari ! where's my drovers ?

MARI : In the basket under the bed.

(*Pause.*)

DAFYDD : There's no buttons on em.

MARI : Oh, do em up with a safety pin.

DAFYDD (*appears at door, drawers in hand*) : It's very awkward, two pins I won't go to London at all ; I'll sent a telegraph and tell the King I can't come, cause there's no buttons on my drovers.

(*Exit DAFYDD.*)

(MARI *removes blouse and skirt.*)

DAFYDD (*re-enters, he wears Welsh flannel shirt and trousers, braces hanging behind his back, he carries rest of his clothes on his arm, he dashes right to front of table, his back to audience, dumps his clothes on table very emphatically, and says*) : and I can't find my bracers nowhere.

MARI (*indicates braces*) : Here they are you silly, hanging behind you.

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DAFYDD (*beaten*) : Oh ! are they ; well, how did I know, I haven't got eyes in the back of my head have I ?

(MARI *exits.*)

DAFYDD (*places tie inside collar which is a turn-down one with front attached, and places collar on upside down, fastens, then goes to mirror L. and looks at it, expresses complete bewilderment, and goes to door R., in great distress, almost crying*) : Hoi, Mari ! what new fashioned collar is this you have give me ; it isn't same as I always wear ?

MARI (*appears*) : Its upside down you twp.

DAFYDD (*beaten as before*) : Oh !

(*He puts collar on properly but tie badly, and in excitement places front outside waistcoat, he then places cuffs on arms one up to elbow so that shirt shows below it. He tries to put coat on, but his hand goes inside pocket. He calls loudly for MARI, who appears with Sunday skirt and blouse, blouse open at back, showing underwear and black corsets.*)

DAFYDD : Mari, why don't you mend the linin of this coat ; I can't get my arm through it. (*He turns back to MARI, her back to audience so that her open blouse shows. She gives one lift to coat.*)

MARI : Your hand is in the pocket, silly.

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DAFYDD (*as before*) : Oh ! (*He now puts coat on properly.*)

(*Goes to front of table left. MARI right to front puts her coat on.*)

DAFYDD (*posing*) : Well, Mari, how do I look ?

MARI : You look fine, Dafydd. You look just like a preacher in that coat.

(*MARI R.C. front of table, DAFYDD L.C. front of table.*)

DAFYDD : Kera on a Mari, don't soft soap me like that ; you look like a young bride. (*Pats her shoulder.*)

MARI : Don't be silly. (*Very thoughtfully as DAFYDD goes L.*) I've been *thinkin*, Dafydd—they do say the Queen is very fond of flowers. I'm sure she'd be pleased with a few from our garden and just a bit of boyslove to make it smell nice.

DAFYDD : Do you think so ? Well, it's only proper to take somethin for the Queen when our Dafydd is havin a V.C. from her husband, isn't it. I'll get some while you're puttin on your bonnet.

(*He exits. MARI puts on bonnet. A tremendous rattle is heard at door, and the DOCTOR is heard outside.*)

DOCTOR : Hoi, Mari ; acor y drws.

(*MARI opens the door. DOCTOR succeeds in entering with load of parcels containing new clothes*

THOSE WHO WAIT

for MARI and DAFYDD. *He has become so excited that he has just asked for the best of everything in the shop.*)

DOCTOR : Well, Mari, here we are.

MARI (*down L*) : So I see doctor ; but where are you takin them parcels ?

DOCTOR (*full of his accomplishment*) : Here, yma, man hyn ; here's your lunch. Look at it. (*Places box in her arms.*) Hurry up ! put it on. (*Puts hat on MARI. MARI turns to glass, but looks surprised at the result. Meantime DOCTOR has opened up his parcels and spread out his ware.*) Look here, Mari ; best in the shop. (*Shows dresses. R. of table.*) All silk—it will stand by itself—and a mantle to wear with it ; best in the shop (*hands all to MARI*) and (*wickedly as he lifts underwear*) look here, Mari ; what will Dafydd say when he sees you in this ? Silk Stockings, too, Mari ; best in the shop. They say everybody is wearing them in London, and you mustn't be behind when you are going to see the King. (*DAFYDD enters with a bunch of flowers. DOCTOR steps to centre*) Hoi, Dafydd ! Disgwyl ma. Get your things off quick ; here's a new rig-out for you ; the best in the shop. (*Hands coat, DAFYDD*

THOSE WHO WAIT

L.C.) Look at this tie. There's a bit of style for you ; the best in the shop. All the latest from London. We'll show them that we are up-to-date in Cwmyllwyd ; you can cut the dash with the best when you get these on. They say the men that are with the King all the time have a new shirt every day, so there's two for you ; the best in the shop. One to go (*hands DAFYDD one shirt*) and one to come back. (*Hands second.*) Of going to see the King, go isn't it ?

(*DAFYDD looks in wonder at the things spread out before him, he is deeply grateful, but knows this can't be done, at the same time he is afraid of giving offence by refusal.*)

DAFYDD : What a wonderful lot of clothes ! thank you indeed, Doctor. You are very kind. I only wish I could wear both shirts at once, and those collars, like the Mayor wore when the King was here.

DOCTOR : Same ones ; two left out of half-a-dozen.

DAFYDD : Very kind, but indeed you know I never wear a collar except on Sunday, and never a stick-up one in my life (*crosses to down R. front of table*) and as for that waistcoat.

DOCTOR (*drops down R. a little*) : Yes, isn't it stange.

THOSE WHO WAIT

DAFYDD (*pathetically*): Too stange for me Doctor, and the top hat as well. I would look like a dressed up dummy in it; I would only feel miserable, and Mari the same.

(MARI *crosses to* DAFYDD.)

DOCTOR (*going down L.*): But the King, Dafydd.

(BAND *starts* "God bless the Prince of Wales," *very quietly.*)

DAFYDD: The King don't need for me to show off. He knows me. He shook my hand when it was black with the grime of the pit. There's nothin stange about him. You don't know him same as me, of course. (*He speaks with deep feeling.*) I looked into his eyes, and when I said my boy is yours when you want him, I seen his eyes shine: that's the sort of man King George is, and he won't want us to try to be up to those lords and ladies he sees every day—he just wants to see us lookin like what we are. Mr. and Mrs. Jones, from Cwmyllwyd, father and mother of David Jones, V.C. I pray to my God in my crys nos*, I am sure I can talk to my King in my own best clothes.

DOCTOR (*converted*): You're right, Dafydd. (*Up to L.C.*) (*Exit DOCTOR.*)

*Night-shirt.

THOSE WHO WAIT

(BAND louder. DOCTOR *lifts window and shouts through.*)

DOCTOR : Hoi, Dafydd, Mari, Here's the town band coming up the road, and a carriage and pair, and deputation, Mayor and Corporation to take you to the station, and the Mayor is in his chains, and he's got a testimonial for you, and the flags is all out in the windows, and here's the boy scouts, and fire brigade, and the new fire engine, and——

DAFYDD (*crosses to window, muttering*) : Fire engine !

MARI (*crying out as she crosses to window*) : I hope Mrs. Jenkins is on the door.

(DAFYDD and MARI go to top of window. MARI stands above DAFYDD. Words cannot express the feelings of DAFYDD and MARI here, but remember that not only is this the greatest day in their lives, but publicity and honour, joy and pride, far beyond their simple comprehension. There is a pause as they take in the procession in the distance.)

DAFYDD (*in a voice that he tries to make matter-of-fact*) : They havn't been long gettin the flags out have they Mari ?

MARI (*completely breaking down, and crossing to R.*) : If only our Dafydd could see it.

DAFYDD : Now don't be silly ; you'll have me cryin in a minute. (*He wipes a solitary tear from*

THOSE WHO WAIT

his eye.—His face beaming with pride, crosses to R. He notices portrait of the King over mantelpiece and stops, draws himself up and takes off his hat.) King George the Fifth, our little Dafydd have done his bit for you, and I only wish if you could see the turn-out that Cwmyllwyd is givin his father and mother. Never mind, Mari, we'll tell him when we see him. *(Wipes his eyes.)* Well, Mari, we musn't keep the Mayor waitin in his chains, whatever. Dera nawr, dera. *(Takes her arm.)*

MARI: I can never face it. Fire engine and everythin. Why can't they let us go quiet. Too much fuss altogether.

DAFYDD: Fuss! what are you talkin? This is nothin to the fuss we'll have when we're seein Dafydd in London.

MARI: Shall we be seein Dafydd?

DAFYDD: Of course we will; will you come now?

MARI: Yes; I'll come. *(Takes DAFYDD'S arm.)*

DAFYDD: All right, now while the band is playin; it's quite easy. Lef foot first. Come on! *(They walk up to door, keeping step to music, which swells triumphantly.)*

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